

Oil Midnight

"Underwater"

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Scanning at the blue bended headland
White flurries scudding
A dark silhouette flashes by in the wet
It is glistening flesh in the deep marine
There is room for make believe out in the ocean
There is room for make believe out on the land
In the wet, in the dream it is flashing then seen
In the deep marine, in the deep marine
Looking to the white framed headland
Green pockets dropping
A bright cockatoo circles up in the breeze
In the realm you can't reach in the deep marine
No-one can make her, no-one can break her down
She is what she is, and no-one can bring her down
Underwater...overland...underwater...overland

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